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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906.

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PRICE 2 CENTS

IN GREAT DANGER

Schooner Hudson Water-logged At Sea

TOWED INTO PORT BY STEAMER AMETHYST

Thrilling Experience Of Distressed Ves- sel's Captain And Crew

THE APPEARANCE OF THE AMETHYST WAS MOST TIMELY

The British steamer Amethyst arrived in the lower harbor at half-past seven this (Saturday) morning with a cargo of 800 cords of pulpwood for the Publishers' Paper Company, having in tow the three masted schooner S. S. Hudson, which she picked up at three o'clock on Friday afternoon in a waterlogged condition, ninety

miles east by north from Thatcher's Island.

Capt. J. A. Williams, who is also the managing owner of the Hudson, said to a Herald man that he left St. John, N. B., on July 20 with a cargo of 1,650,000 laths consigned to Stetson, Cutler and Company of Boston, and bound to Philadelphia. He harbored in West Quoddy Bay for three days in the fog and got under way from there on July 26. He had a good run up the Maine coast until Thursday, when a brisk easterly breeze and heavy rain and chop sea set in, causing the schooner to roll and labor heavily.

At six o'clock on Thursday evening, a bad leak was discovered. The pumps failed to hold it and in three hours the schooner was full to her decks. The heavy sea washed the entire deck load, consisting of 300,000 laths, overboard in a short time and all movables were washed out of the after cabin, the captain losing all his personal effects.

Every sea boarder the waterlogged craft and drenched the crew of seven to the skin, so that had it been cold weather all would undoubtedly have perished, had they been able to remain aboard the vessel, which was kept afloat by her buoyant cargo.

After remaining aboard for eighteen hours, each moment expecting to be washed from the flooded decks, the men sighted the Amethyst, which after a long tussle in the heavy sea succeeded in getting a line to the distressed craft and proceeding on

her way to this port, which was reached with no further mishap.

The Hudson now lies in the lower harbor astern of her rescuer, with the stern showing above the water. Until she can be beached in Pepperell's Cove it can not be determined how badly she is damaged, but from the rapidity with which she filled it is believed that she is very badly strained.

The Hudson was built in 1869 at May's Landing, N. J., is of 408 net tonnage and hails from Boston.

The Amethyst left St. Anne's Bay, N. S., for this port at five o'clock on Tuesday night and has had continuous foggy weather for the entire passage. She is in command of Capt. Allen Fulton, who is making his first trip in the craft and who has certainly made a good beginning.

Though owned by C. H. Low of Boston, the Amethyst still flies the English flag and hails from Halifax.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, July 28—Partly cloudy weather is indicated for Sunday, with possible showers and light to fresh east to south winds.

TOMORROW AT HAMPTON BEACH

The Empire Moving Picture Company will again give exhibitions at Hampton Beach Casino tomorrow. New films, comprising the finest collection yet exhibited, will be shown.

Newsy Items From Across The River

TERRIBLE DEATH

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

STEAM AND SAILING YACHTS IN THE HARBOR

Various Social And Personal Paragraphs Of Interest

Gossip of a Day Collected by Our Correspondent

Kittery, July 28.

The following yachts are in port this morning:

Steam yachts Idalia, owned by Eugene Tompkins of Boston; Elkhorn, owned by H. F. Hanson of Boston; Kismet, owned by Francis S. Smithers of New York; schooner yacht Gundred, owned by Benjamin Vaughan of Boston; yawl yacht Nauset, owned by H. C. Cummings of Orleans, Mass.; sloop yacht Sabrina II, owned by Oliver Turner of Boston.

Kittery is well represented by ball games today, for the regular Kittery team plays the Portsmouths at Portsmouth, while the Kittery Eagles play the Dover Athletic Club at Quamphegan Park, South Berwick. Godfrey will pitch for the home team in this latter game, while Young will be in the box for the Athletes.

Services at the Second Christian Church on Sunday will be as follows: Subject for morning service by Rev. E. H. Macy, pastor, "Mountain-top Experiences"; Bible school, Baraca and Philathen classes at 11:50; junior Christian Endeavor meeting at four; senior Christian Endeavor meeting at six. At seven, the pastor will read the third installment of his original sermon story, "There and Back"; subject, "An Actress and a Clerk." All are heartily welcome.

Mrs. John Ryan and daughter Christine are visiting friends in Manchester, N. H.

Miss Ida Terreson of Fall River, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. George Murch.

Mrs. Carrie Lane is visiting relatives in Stratham, N. H.

Miss Charlotte Bickford left today for a visit to friends in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

The Ryder Tension Release Company has been organized to deal in textile machinery. Capital \$25,000, nothing paid in; par value, \$25; promoters, Joseph T. Brennan, president; Alfred W. Sterling, Stephen F. Hobbs, Kittery.

Teachers of the Christian Church Sunday school held their regular meeting on Friday evening.

Miss Allison Locke of Jacksonville, Fla., who has been passing part of the summer here, left on Friday for New York, where she will take a liner for England, Scotland, France and Switzerland. In the latter country, she will pass the winter.

Miss Fannie Williams and Archie Williams of Salem, Mass., are the guests of William Smith and daughter of Williams avenue.

Rev. Sylvester Hooper has returned from visit to Saco.

Services at the Second Methodist Church tomorrow will be in their usual order.

INSPECTOR FLOOD ACTIVE

Inspector Flood has been very active at Hampton Beach of late. He was there five days, coming on Saturday, July 21, and remaining through the following Wednesday. He visited

all the hotels along the beach.

Kittery Point

The waterlogged schooner S. S.

Hudson attracted much attention in

the lower harbor this morning. Her

rescuer, the steamer Amethyst, ed all the hotels along the beach.

That Of Harold Joseph Perreault

Playing With Matches, Clothing Caught Fire

Frightful Fate Overtakes Nineteen Months Old Child

HAROLD JOSEPH PERREAULT, AGED NINETEEN MONTHS, SON OF MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH PERREAULT, LIVING AT 2 MAST STREET, WAS BURNED TO DEATH ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK THIS (SATURDAY) FORENOON AT THE FAMILY HOME. THE CHILD, IN THE ABSENCE OF THE MOTHER, WHO HAD LEFT THE HOUSE FOR A SHORT TIME TO GO TO THE GROCERY STORE, GOT HOLD OF SOME MATCHES ON A BUREAU IN THE ROOM AND IN A PLAYFUL WAY SET FIRE TO SOME NEWSPAPERS ON THE FLOOR. HIS CLOTHING CAUGHT FROM THE BLAZE AND ALMOST IN AN INSTANT HE WAS WRAPPED IN THE FLAMES OF HIS BURNING CLOTHING.

As the mother neared the house on her way back from the store she heard the cries of her baby and rushing into the house found the child lying upon the floor with his little lie nearly burned out. She seized a tablecloth and wrapping it around the charred body of the boy ran with him in her arms to the street. Her cries attracted the attention of the neighbors and they hurried to assist her. The baby was dying in her arms and nothing could be done. Mrs. Perreault had partly extinguished the fire of the burning clothing when the neighbors took the blackened body from her arms and put out the fire which had caught her own clothing.

The mother, almost overcome, returned to the house for something to soothe the pain of her child and fell in a faint upon the floor. Doctors Towle, Eastman and Luce were summoned, but before any of them arrived the child was dead. It was a sad sight to witness as the body of the pretty child lay on a couch, his little limbs and body burned black by the flames and the skin burned from every part of his body from head to foot.

The quick work of the neighbors in extinguishing the flames of the burning paper and clothing in the room, no doubt saved the house from taking fire. The father was summoned from the navy yard, where he is employed, but it was all over when he arrived. The mother is nearly frantic over the loss of her child and Dr. Towle was called to render medical aid. The child was a favorite of the entire neighborhood and there is unlimited sympathy for the family in the terrible bereavement.

Prayers over the body of Ernest Edward Potts were read at his late home on Bridge street this (Saturday) morning by Rev. C. O. Farnham. The body was sent to Belfast, Me., for funeral services and interment on the 10:45 train by Undertaker O. W. Ham.

The funeral of Samuel D. Tobey was held at two o'clock this afternoon from his late home at Kittery Point, Rev. Mr. Champlin officiating. Interment was in the Freewill Baptist cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker O. W. Ham.

The majority of the young fellows working in the boat shop have craft of their own under construction at home. For excellence of workmanship, most of them rival those regularly turned out in Uncle Sam's workshop.

The crew of the U. S. S. Eagle has a picnic at The Sagamore tomorrow.

Geo. B. French Co

A MID-SUMMER CLOSING-OUT SALE

With us means some extremely low prices on desirable goods or we should not thus divert your attention from the usual trade.

Summer Silks, Wash Goods and Waistings

Have been greatly MARKED DOWN for JULY CLEARANCE and prices such that they will sell quickly and to your liking.

Several Lots—The First is Silk Remnants in plain colors, regular price 45c and worth it, new price..... 29c

Fancy Silks in small, effective patterns, a large variety that were priced

\$1.00, old price changed to new..... 39c

Black Wash Silks, splendid wear for Waists, were 50c, now..... 37c

Fancy Waistings, colors woven, there are many desirable pieces in this lot

and prices just One-Half, were 25c, now..... 12 1-2c

Yard Wide Taffeta Silks, in Black Chiffon Finish, only..... \$1.00

THIS IS AN EXCEEDING GOOD VALUE AND VERITABLE BARGAIN.

White Habutai Silks, special light Summer weight, in 24 inch, only..... 29c, 39c, 42c, 59c, 62c, 75c, 87c, 95c

THESE FIGURES MEAN CLEARANCE PRICES.

In pleasing contrast to this hot July weather keep in mind our fine line of HAMMOCKS at prices consistent with the excellent styles and qualities.

We sell the WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS and carry an extensive line of sizes, best labor saving on the market,

PORCH SCREENS of reliable kinds.

SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIRS, safe, comfortable and low cost.

For Your Vacation select your SUIT CASES from our assortment, best in

town, a good Case for..... \$1.00

Others that will wear well and always a convenience at..... \$2.00, \$2.25 to \$6.50

New Lots Arriving.

WILL PROBATED

Russell Sage Bequeaths His Estate

WHOLLY AMONG HIS OWN RELATIVES

None Of His Many Millions Goes To Public Charities

A SUMMARY OF A DOCUMENT OF GENERAL NATIONAL INTEREST

New York, July 27.—The will of Russell Sage, which was filed for probate today, bequeaths all of his estate to his widow, Margaret Olivia Sage, after the payment of \$25,000 to each of Mr. Sage's nephews and nieces, and \$10,000 to his sister, Mrs. Fannie Chapin of Oneida, N. Y. The will also provides that in case any of his beneficiaries contest the probate of it they shall be cut off from any share in the estate. There was nothing in the will to show the value of Mr. Sage's estate.

The will is dated February 11, 1901 and was sworn to by Edward Townend and R. W. Freedman as witnesses. It consists of about 800 words. There are eleven sections.

The first section provides for the payment of Mr. Sage's debts and funeral expenses.

By the second, Mr. Sage bequeaths \$10,000 to Mrs. Fannie Chapin, wife of Samuel Chapin, of Oneida, N. Y., his sister.

By the third he gave \$25,000 to each of his nephews and nieces, and provided in case any of them died before him, that their allotment shall be distributed among their issue.

The fourth section provides: "All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, I give, devise and bequeath to my wife, Margaret Olivia Sage, to have and to hold the same to her absolutely and forever."

The fifth section provides that this provision for Mrs. Sage is to be in lieu of all right of her dower estate.

By the sixth section Mr. Sage empowers his executors to sell all his real estate.

In the seventh section he provides that in case his bequests to his sister, nephews and nieces, should lapse or fail, the amounts so bequeathed shall revert to Mrs. Sage.

By the eighth section, Margaret Olivia Sage, Dr. John P. Mann, Mr. Goodwin and Charles W. Oshorn, "long my confidential and trusted assistant," were appointed executrix and executors of the will and it was provided that in case Mr. Oshorn refused or was unable to serve as executor, Edward C. Oshorn should fill the vacancy. It also provided that none of the persons should be required to give bonds.

Under the ninth section the executors are authorized to rent an office to transact the business of Mr. Sage's estate.

The tenth section revokes all former or other wills or testamentary dispositions at any time heretofore made.

The eleventh section reads as follows: "Should any of the beneficiaries under this will other than my said wife, object to the probate thereof, or in any wise, directly or indirectly, contest or aid in contesting the same, or any of the provisions thereof, or the distribution of my estate thereunder, then and in that event, I annul my request made to such beneficiary, and it is my will that such beneficiary shall be absolutely barred and cut off from any share in my estate."

A DAY OF REST

For Glidden Tourists Before Coming Into New Hampshire

Rangeley Lakes, Me., July 27.—The Glidden automobile tourist planned a day of rest today before starting out on the last lap of their fourteen hundred mile run which will end at Bretton Woods, N. H. Ample accommodations were found for the tourists here and the start for the goal of the tour will not be made until tomorrow morning.

The services of every guide were engaged and boats, canoes and steamers were all put in commission by those who desired recreation. Fishing, boating, excursions about the lakes, driving, golf and tennis were the principal diversions. A typical July day added much to the pleasure of the stay here. The tourists

will feel much refreshed when they start for Bretton Woods, where they will be greeted by the Bay State club.

AT TEXAS ELECTION TODAY

United States Senators Will Be Chosen By People

Dallas, Texas, July 27.—For the first time in the history of Texas a primary election will be held throughout the state tomorrow. This will be by the Democratic party, which is required by the new election law to nominate its candidates.

Because of the overwhelming majorities of that party the result will be conclusive from the selection of all of the officers from United States senator to constable, and the general election in November will be perfunctory. Under the party rule, in this state the legislature elects all United States Senators who represent a majority of the Democratic voter.

They may choose Senator Bailey as no opponent.

A minority party will also hold precinct conventions tomorrow, as they are not permitted to have access to the time they shall hold conventions.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Springfield, Mo., July 27.—Thirty persons were injured, two of them fatally, in the partial wreck of a west bound St. Louis and San Francisco passenger train last midnight. The fatally injured are R. J. Throp of Monteello, Mo., and Mrs. Kate Sholty. The wreck was caused by a defective switch. Three coaches passed over in safety, but the fourth left the track and turned over. This coach contained about 60 passengers, all of them suffered slight slight injuries. Two sleeping cars did not leave the track.

South Framingham, Mass., July 27.—Medical Examiner Lewis M. Palmer of Middlesex county filed with the clerk of the local district court to day a report in connection with the collapse of the Amsden building last Monday afternoon. The report deals with the death of Henry L. Sawyer, a prominent merchant of South Framingham, who met his death in the building, and one other victim. It is expected that Judge Kingsbury will order an inquest to determine the causes which led to the collapse of the building. District Attorney George A. Sanderson of Middlesex county also has received from the medical examiner a report similar to that filed at the local court. It is understood that the district attorney will not proceed in the case until Judge Kingsbury has ordered the inquest.

New York, July 27.—E. H. Harriman, president of the Union Pacific Railroad company, said today that there was no foundation whatever for the report that the Union Pacific had absorbed the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad.

Lowell, Mass., July 27.—The case of Umpire O'Brien of the New England league, who was charged with assault and battery on Catcher Coffey of the New Bedford team during the progress of a game in Lowell several days ago, came up on continuance in the police court today. After a conference with the court it was announced that the case had been settled out of court, both parties being satisfied.

La Rochelle, France, July 27.—The Danish freight steamer Nikolai, which arrived here today, reported run down and sunk a sailing vessel, name unknown, 15 miles off shore. All the crew of the sunken ship went down with her.

Belfast, Me., July 27.—The body of Clara Bratley, aged 17, which was found floating near the shore at Northport yesterday, was viewed today by a jury impaneled by Coroner Charles R. Coombs. The jury then adjourned until Monday at 10:15 a. m., when an inquest will be held at city hall. No marks or other signs of assault were found by Dr. Elmer Small, who held an autopsy today.

Raleigh, N. C., July 27.—The Democratic convention of the Sixth congressional district today nominated H. L. Goodwin for congress.

SHARPEN YOUR LAWN MOWER

Now is the time to have your lawn mower overhauled and put in first class condition. Every mower is ground by a practical mechanic on an especially made machine, which leaves no gage work nor standing grass. All work will receive the same careful attention it did last year.

FRANK S. SEYMOUR.

Evidently the defect in the sold "test and sailors" monument does not amount to much.

AT THE RESORTS

Items From Places Of Summer Sojourn In This Vicinity

YORK BEACH

One of the questions of the moment here is automobile speed. Some of the owners and drivers of motor cars are very reckless and the people are highly indignant. Speeding is especially dangerous on Long Beach avenue, for the cottages there are close to the street, which must be crossed by those going to and from the beach itself. The automobileists object to the low limit of eight miles an hour, while the summer residents insist that any higher speed means danger to pedestrian and particularly to children.

The splendid work of the York Beach baseball team is arousing much enthusiasm here.

A three-cornered mile race was run on Thursday evening in the skating rink with Ambrose and Gross of York and Burron of South Berwick as the contestants. Burron won in a close finish in four minutes, forty-five seconds.

The York Beach baseball team will play two games next week in Biddeford and next Saturday will play its fourth game with the Portsmouth team in Portsmouth.

Fred L. Neys and T. A. Smart of Portsmouth registered at the Atlantic House this week.

Dr. J. L. M. Willis of Eliot has been a visitor here.

H. J. Marie of the Boston Courier and Mrs. Marie are at Young's Hotel.

Assistant Marshal T. W. Wilkins of the Dover police force is passing his vacation at the Andover Lawrence cottage on Long Beach.

Former Mayor Freeman Hussey of Somersworth passed a day here recently.

HAMPTON BEACH

A serious fire was narrowly averted near The Casino on Friday afternoon. The explosion of a gasoline tank started a blaze in the building on the opposite side of the street owned by the New Hampshire Tradition Company, but the fire was fortunately checked.

Car Starter Greenley discovered it and his call for help was answered by Clerk William Landeck of Hampton Inn. The two extinguished the flames, but in fighting the fire Mr. Landeck received severe burns on one hand. The loss will be about \$100.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Ford gave a whist party at The Pelham on Thursday evening. There were six tables. W. C. Davis of Worcester, Mass., won the first gentleman's prize, C. D. Eldridge of Worcester the second and L. F. Sanborn of Nashua the consolation. The first ladies' prize was awarded to Mrs. W. F. Sanborn of Nashua the second to Mrs. Victor E. Kochler of Haverhill, Mass., and the consolation to Mrs. L. C. Tolman of Athol, Mass. Refreshments were served.

At Hotel Whittier the first progressive whist party of the season was held on Thursday evening. The first ladies' prize went to Miss Lucy M. Warner of North Hampton and the second to Mrs. Otis H. Whittier. Frank Lovell of Boston won the first gentleman's prize and Charles Philbrick the second. After the card playing there was a collation.

A party of Lowell, Mass., newspaper men will come here next week for an outing.

Selma H. Wheeler of Portsmouth has been at Cutler's Sea View House.

Other Portsmouth guests at the same hotel are Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Brown.

HIGH ART IN ADVERTISING

In all the magazines appears a bust picture of a simply draped, sweet young woman, who, holding a bunch of violets in her dainty fingers, is inhaling their perfume and suggests the thought of "really delightful" the advertising phrase employed by the manufacturers of Chiclets.

The story of this picture is interesting. It was painted by J. Wells Champney, as the first of a series of five pictures, by which he intended to typify the five senses—this picture was originally christened "The Sense of Smell," but after the death of the painter, it was purchased at a very high price by Frank H. Fleer and Company, the manufacturers of Chiclets, since they believed that no more beautiful suggestion of the daintiness and sweetness of their product could be had than this wonderfully clever painting.

FRANKLIN PIERCE TRY-OUT LAST EVENING

The Franklin Pierce had a try out in front of The Herald office on Friday evening, throwing a stream of 191 feet and 6 inches.

SECOND IN BALLOONING.

Statistics Show That Sport Is Not So Dangerous as Is Generally Supposed.

In these days of aeronautic exploits the record of Germany in ballooning is one not to be ignored. France stands at the head of ballooning nations, but Germany holds the second rank. The German people, from the kaiser down, are deeply interested in the problems of aeronautics, which just now hold so prominent a position in the consideration of the nations of the world. The German emperor has long taken an absorbing interest in balloon experiments. Fourteen years ago he made a gift of \$11,000 to the Berlin Balloon club, which in 1904 and 1905 made 84 ascensions, five women taking part. One of these aerial journeys was from Berlin to Pinsk, Russia, a distance of 621.37 miles.

There is a large balloon association in Germany called the Deutsche Luftschiff Verband, which comprises nine clubs, with a total membership of 2,743 persons, and owns 12 balloons. The Berlin club, which has one balloon of 915 cubic yards capacity and four of 1,700 cubic yards capacity, is now building a sixth, which will hold 2,616 cubic yards of gas. This club will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary in October of this year, an event which Berlin is looking forward with great interest. German statistics show that ballooning risks are not so great as they are generally supposed to be. In 2,061 trips, in which 7,570 persons took part during the last few years, but 36 accidents occurred, only 4.7 per cent. of the persons taking part in the trips were injured and but one of them fatally.

In Belgium a series of aerial experiments is to begin soon in the meteorological service. These experiments will consist of flying testing balloons provided with instruments for registering atmospheric pressure and the temperature and moisture of the air. The balloons will not be large, varying from three to six feet in diameter and carrying only a few pounds of weight, and the service will rely upon the good will of persons finding them after they have fallen to the earth to recover the instruments and return them. Directions to this end will be attached to each balloon and the finder will be paid for returning the instruments.

COMMERCE OF THE SWISS.

The Foreign Trade of the Little Republic Reaches \$400,000,000 a Year.

Few of the trading nations of the globe can exhibit such a wonderful record of foreign commerce as Switzerland. That little republic, which has a population of but 3,314,343 persons—less than that of the city of New York—and which is situated far inland, miles from any large body of water or navigable river, has a foreign trade which amounts to more than \$400,000,000 annually. \$239,333,730 being credited to imports and \$170,055,504 to exports.

The most valuable asset of Switzerland is its position, taken in connection with its curious geographical and geological conformation. Its superb mountains, silver lakes and picturesque cities attract every year thousands of tourists, who leave behind them millions of dollars to be invested in commerce. Switzerland thus becomes a kind of index or thermometer of the prosperity of the outside world. The tourists who go to Switzerland leave behind them in prosperous years as much as \$40,000,000, and these great sums form a capital for industrial and commercial enterprises, of which the thrifty Swiss take advantage to the utmost.

Never answer advertisements that promise to pay you \$20 a week for sitting home, doing nothing! Save your stamps and your common sense. The post office hasn't cornered all the funds yet!

Never run from a policeman or a dog. They'll think you are guilty whether you are or not! Then you are sure to get a clubbing or a biting, no matter how little you may deserve. There are times when it pays to stand still—American Magazine.

Every bit of arable land is carefully cultivated and made to yield a large return in cereals, vegetables and fruits, with flowers and honey as by products. In manufactures, too, the Swiss play an important part in the economic progress of Europe.

watches, textiles of various kinds, carved woods, chocolates, condensed milk, chemicals and fertilizers being the chief articles manufactured.

The trade of the United States with Switzerland is peculiarly favorable to the latter. In 1904 Switzerland sold this country goods valued at \$20,523,200, and bought merchandise valued at \$10,383,510, totals which have been exceeded proportionately by the figures for the first five months of the present year.

Sending Salesmen Abroad.

European houses unite in sending one man into a foreign market to work up business, and American houses will have to do the same thing.

A salesmen could at the same time represent a dry goods house, as well as houses dealing in boots and shoes, hardware, chemicals, etc. When the trade grew to such dimensions as to make it worth while for one house to employ a man to devote himself to business, that would be done.

STEAMED WITH TURTLES.

And the Skipper Has the Latitude and Longitude to Prove Assertion.

"Yes, sir," remarked Capt. Quick, of the steamer El Alba, which reached port from Galveston, "the sea was simply black with turtles. There must have been a million of them—monsters, too, and many were so covered with barnacles that they looked like they were hundreds of years old. For a time we thought that they had been hauled up from the bottom of the sea by an earthquake.

"It was in latitude 35 degrees and 40 minutes, longitude 36 degrees and 30 minutes, that we ran into the field of turtles. As they scraped along the iron sides of the vessel, they sounded like tugs. One big fellow kept alongside for some time. He was over six feet long and five feet broad and had barnacles all over him. We tried to catch one of them, but they wouldn't bite."

Poachontas Society.

Fifty members are already enrolled in the Poachontas society, recently formed in Washington. Members must prove their descent from the Indian maiden and her English husband.

There is to be a "Poachontas day" at the Jamestown exposition, where the society will hold first place.

Objection to Graduation.

After all, when you come right down to it, the great objection to graduation is that it bars many a promising young man from the athletic field.

Under the circumstances it is rather humiliating to have to go out into the sordid world and make a living.

Forbidden by Law.

Promising Buyer—"I'm sure I got a bite." Agent—"I can't understand it; there is a town ordinance to muzzle mosquitoes."—N. Y. Sun.

MOROCCO LETTER CARRIERS

Some Similarity Between the Mail System of That Country and Ours.

The rural free delivery system in America is the outgrowth of many years' experience. It comes as a late result in the process of development. In Morocco, on the other hand, it seems to be the basis of a system yet to be formed; only there is one respect in which the two methods differ: that of the United States is maintained at an expense to the government, but the Moroccan system is a source of revenue, according to the following account given by the author of "Morocco Lotus Leaves."

Swinging along at dog-trot, a native courier—a bare-legged and bare-headed fellow, with a pair of coarse slippers thrust into the hood of his ragged cloak, and a wallet on his back—approached our party, and, halting, leaned upon his long staff, while he informed us that the head of Old Almead's oppressor adorned a gateway in the principal market place of Marrakesh.

Mail trains and native post offices being non-existent, these hardy letter carriers represent the whole postal system of Morocco. Superintended by a government commissioner, a corps of couriers, as trustworthy as they are indefat

A Sudden Awakening.

By Ida E. Rogers.

Parsonsfield had been the sleepiest little village imaginable, but with the advent of the charming Mrs. Vere it awoke from its lethargy.

Beatrice Vere was a widow, but unlike the proverbial widow she was dark and petite and apparently not over 25 years of age.

She was a source of wonder to the simple country folks from the moment she came among them. The gossips talked of her over their tea-cups and at their knitting; the village maidens were envious of her beautiful hair and fine complexion, while the youths of the village, one and all, declared her to be the most beautiful woman that had ever honored Parsonsfield with her presence.

It was not long before many a maiden found herself forsaken by her sweetheart, and it is needless to say that in all cases Beatrice Vere was the cause of it. But I am only going to mention one of those young girls' names, and that is Ruth Williams.

Prior to the young widow's coming Ruth had always been the village queen; and among her subjects was Richard Waldron, one of Parsonsfield's most promising young men. It was rumored that he and Ruth were betrothed and that they would wed in the early autumn. But



Mrs. Vere Won His Heart.

whether this was true or not, he deserted the fair-haired Ruth for the charming Mrs. Vere. If the former felt the desertion keenly she made no sign, but was the same sweet girl as ever. As for Richard, he seemed to be happy only when Beatrice Vere was near. And so the days passed by until the summer was nearly at an end.

It had been the custom of the people of Parsonsfield for a number of years to have an annual picnic. A pine grove on the banks of Providence Lake made an ideal place for the picnic grounds; and it was here that a happy crowd came one bright August day. Richard Waldron was the escort of the young widow, and appeared to be more devoted than ever—so devoted, in fact, that the people with one accord declared it was scandalous the way those two carried on, and Ruth Williams thought it was.

"By this time I had come partially out of my trance. I knew there was something wrong all around. 'Did you two men intend to accept my invitation or not?' I demanded point blank.

"They looked at each other vaguely. Then I told them to sit down. Next I began to ferret out the mystery.

"It seems when Mr. Ferguson got home his small sister was just leaving for a party and fired the novel news at him that Miss Bingham had sent word that he was to bring her a pound of cheese for a rabbit and not to fail. Augusta had mixed the cheese and the deck of cards. Well, Mr. Ferguson had an important engagement, but his natural politeness led him to obey orders. I got it out of him that he had been to ten stores before he found the cheese I wanted. Thus he had missed his appointment. I gathered that only his early training restrained him from expressing his feelings.

"As for Jeff, the cook told him that Miss Pinkham wanted him to come to a party and bring a deck of cards that had a sister on them. That happens to be a Miss Pinkham who has moved into our neighborhood, an awfully pretty girl whom he had never met.

"Well, he tore down to the drug-store to find playing cards with a girl of some sort on them. He didn't know why Miss Pinkham specified a particular artistic design or why she has specified any, and it was queer all around, but he wasn't missing any chances to oblige such a stunning girl, even if she was eccentric. He says words would fall if he ever attempted to repeat the scene which occurred when he reached Miss Pinkham's house. After he convinced her that he was not an insane man she was very lovely, but—well, Jeff felt edgewise toward me, and I don't see how I was to blame. And he had promised to take Miss Griswold to the theater that evening. And neither of the men had a hint that they were asked to come and play whist at my house.

"So when we parted everybody hated everybody else—except Nell. She vowed she'd never enjoyed an evening so before in her life. Some people have such a queer sense of humor!"—Chicago News.

It is said that there are no fewer than 8,000,000 gods worshipped by the Japanese. Praying is made very easy. In the streets are tall posts with prayers printed on them and with a small wheel attached. Any one can give the wheel a turn and that completes the prayer.

To Keep the Fire.

When it is necessary to keep a range fire over night the fire will hold much longer if the last scuttle of coal is sprinkled with water.

Messages Mixed.

The girl in the pretty gown looked as pathetic as she could. "It was all," she told the other girl in the stunning toque, "because I was in too great a hurry to use paper and pen. But it seems to me they might have had more sense—only men never do."

"It sounds slightly involved," murmured her friend, wrinkling her brow interestedly.

"Oh," explained the girl in the new gown, "I'm speaking of the elaborate and thorough misunderstanding there is between Jeff Hawtrey and Mr. Ferguson and myself. Nell was spending a week with me and there was one vacant evening that I had to fill up. I concluded that I'd have a table of whist and that I'd get Jeff and Mr. Ferguson to make up the 'oor. It was nearly dinner time then, so there was no use telephoning to their offices. I asked Augusta, our new maid, to take the messages to their homes. You know Jeff's home is just around the corner and Mr. Ferguson's people live only three blocks away. Augusta is an obliging little creature and listened carefully to orders.

"Go to Mr. Ferguson's first," I said, "and tell him that Miss Bingham would like to have him come over and play whist this evening and please bring along the new deck of cards his sister borrowed from me for her party. Then go to Mr. Hawtrey's and tell him the same. Ask him also, when he runs up to the corner for figures—he always does that, you know, after dinner—he would be so good as to get me a pound of cheese." I thought a rabbit would be nice, and I know Jeff so well that I didn't mind asking the favor.

"Nell and I got into our most fetching gowns and I lighted all the shaded lamps and made things as nice as possible. There's no telling just what may impress a man, you know, and Mr. Ferguson—well, I never saw any one quite like him! He's so—"

"I've no doubt you are right," said the girl in the stunning toque, as though stopping something she had heard before. "Well?"

"Well, we had dinner and waited. Then we waited some more. It got to be 8:30. Then I sought Augusta. You, she had done exactly as I told her. I couldn't imagine what had happened, because if they had not been coming they would have let me know. Finally at 9:30 I answered the bell. On the step stood Mr. Ferguson and he lifted his hat politely.

"Good evening," he said. "Here's your cheese." Then he started to depart.

"Wait a minute!" I called wildly. "Aren't you—didn't you—you're coming in, aren't you?"

"He seemed surprised and not at all anxious to follow me into the hall. Just then Jeff came around the corner out of breath and dashed in.

"Here's the cards," he said. "Best I could do—and I've no idea what it all means—and what on earth Miss Griswold will do to me I don't know."

"By this time I had come partially out of my trance. I knew there was something wrong all around. 'Did you two men intend to accept my invitation or not?' I demanded point blank.

"They looked at each other vaguely. Then I told them to sit down. Next I began to ferret out the mystery.

"It seems when Mr. Ferguson got home his small sister was just leaving for a party and fired the novel news at him that Miss Bingham had sent word that he was to bring her a pound of cheese for a rabbit and not to fail. Augusta had mixed the cheese and the deck of cards. Well, Mr. Ferguson had an important engagement, but his natural politeness led him to obey orders. I got it out of him that he had been to ten stores before he found the cheese I wanted. Thus he had missed his appointment. I gathered that only his early training restrained him from expressing his feelings.

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To Keep the Fire.

When it is necessary to keep a range fire over night the fire will hold much longer if the last scuttle of coal is sprinkled with water.

The Liar.

By L. Lunsday.

HOW ARTHUR WAS FOUND.

By Epes W. Sargent.

I threw myself down in the crumpling shell of an old shooting-butt to wait the incoming tide, when the wildgoose would return through the duck light, in tow, suspicious flights, to their night haunts.

At length I picked up my gun, rose, shook myself and started to walk back along the sea wall, abandoning all thought of a chance shot.

I had not proceeded many yards when, in the hollow between the ridge and the dike which cut it off from the salttings, I saw the body of a man. He was lying on his breast, his arms stretched out stiffly before him, his face buried in the grass. The attitude could mean only one of two things—despair or—

"Hello!"

The call was involuntary. The man sprang up with the quick, nervous action of one taken unawares.

"Why can't you leave me alone?" he snarled fiercely, at bay on the instant.

Then, evidently finding I was not whom he had expected to see, he scrambled up in front of me, and stood silhouetted against the sky—a pitiable, ragged, wasted figure. He commenced to whimper.

"It's those birds; they're always calling, calling. Curse them!" he broke out savagely; "they'll end by sending me mad. You can't think what it is," he went on, more quietly, and making a motion toward the bank from which he had risen, "when that's your bed—to lie awake on, listening to those screams, falling asleep with them still haunting you and making you dream you're tormented by screaming devils."

He had come a step nearer, and his eyes fell on my gun. Involuntarily he put out his hand, much as does a child who longs to touch some object, but half fears to do so. In a moment his manner changed.

"By Jove!" he cried; "eight-bore? That must pepper 'em up a bit!"

As he spoke the words, in a flash I knew the man—Abolaford! Abolaford, lost, strayed, dead? Nobody knew, nobody cared. He was one of those who have "lived" and gone out. Clearly the light of his memory shed no gleam of recollection upon me. The sudden recall of his old manner, too, had passed as suddenly as it had come; yet in his bearing there lurked something apologetic.

"That isn't what I have been used to—long, you know."

He spread out his hands deprecatingly toward the beach and the few seal catchers' huts that dotted it.

"Once I used to be a pretty rich chap."

"True, he had been."

"But," he went on, shrugging his shoulders, "I had no luck; it all went."

Gambled, flung wantonly away.

"Well—"

"It doesn't bother you to listen? It's months since I met a man I could talk to."

"It interests me," I replied.

"It did."

"Well, then the poor old governor went broke—that was devilish bad luck."

So it was; to be ruined in his old age, turned out of his home to appease his son's creditors, to die broken-hearted—devilish bad luck indeed. But I merely nodded my head.

"After that," he snickered uneasily—"of course I had to get married. Not a bad sort, with a pile of her own; but that wouldn't work. You know what women are?"

Yes, I knew the woman who had been tied to this man, who had been cheated of her money by him, dragged down by him, insulted by his associates, and, finally, deserted by him for—I shuddered at the recollection.

"After that," he proceeded, "I went in for speculation, but—my luck again—everything went against me; yet it's a game lots of chaps win at."

The game of the bogus company! Why did I let him go on salving his wretched mind by one more flash of imposture? All I know is that I stood mechanically listening, mechanically translating lie to fact.

Arthur offended, rose to his feet. "I'm sure," he said, "you needn't laugh. Lots and lots want to keep house for my mama, but she says no. They aren't as nice as you were, though."

There was a hurt accent to the "you were" that brought Thurs- ton, penitent to his feet. "It wasn't that, dear," he said, as he swung him to his knee. "I'm sure I'd very, very much like to marry your mama."

"I don't quite know," he said musingly, "you would let me live with you, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly," he said tenderly; "why not?"

"You see," he explained, "there was a man, a long time ago, wanted to marry my mama, but he wouldn't because I was a baby, and he didn't like children, he said. He wrote things like you and mama, and he said I'd have to go to my grandmother because he couldn't write with me around."

"Is your mama Mrs. Thorndyke?"

He gave a little cry of disappointment. "Now you've gone and spoiled it all," he declared. "How did you know?"

For a moment Thurston was silent. He could not tell this little child that for four years he had lived a loveless life because he had asked the woman he loved to sacrifice her little son to his career. He had heard vaguely that she, too, had found success as a writer, but he had never met her. For answer he caught the child up. "Come," he said, as he locked the bungalow door, "I, too, am lost; help me to find myself."

And through the afternoon sun the two trudged across the sand dunes with a common destination, one regretting that he had been found, the man fearful that he had found himself too late.

I handed him my tobacco box. Across its lid my name was cut boldly. He took the box in his hands greedily, and, as he bent to open it, his eyes rested on the lid. For a moment he hesitated; then, without looking up, he held out the box. I took it automatically. With his head still bent, he turned round, thrust pipe and hands deep in his pockets and lurched off—out there into the gloom from which came the never ceasing screams of the perishing souls.

The Dark and the Dew.

By Bruce Dunn.

"Ah!" He crept softly, from shadow to shadow, over the velvety lawn.

"Servants" night out, master away, and all's well!"

A faint click of metal against metal, repeated at intervals; an age in the listening dark—and with noiseless lifting of the huge window he gained the interior. The air was soft and sweet with the subtle perfume of dainty dresses.

So busily engaged in flinging his bag, selecting, rejecting—not overlooking a bottle of '84 champagne—he did not hear the gentle click of the street door. Giving the bag a little shake he rose, thinking the cold roast and dainty eatables spread upon the butler's shelf would be extremely appetizing.

But with a quick movement he closed the lantern and sprang for the concealing folds of the hangings.

Low voices came to him, and he snarled grimly, watching the movements of the two people made visible by the light of a single taper.

As he listened his eyes glowed with a fierce light and, dark cords stood out upon his forehead.

Suddenly, with a low laugh, he pushed aside the draperies and stood, gracefully nonchalant, a pistol held carelessly by his side.

"My dear lady, the debt I owe to you is too great to allow me to suffer your departure with this gentleman. Kindly—" a quick spring, a woman's scream—and he had the man securely fastened to the heavy wood settee, effectively unable to attempt another trial to ring in the burglar's alarm.

"There, there," adjusting a silk handkerchief as a temporary gag,

"you, of all people, can hardly wish this to get out, you know. And now, my lady," turning to the frightened woman staring with white face and hunted eyes, "you surely wish to retire? It is late; you see?" glancing with amused eyes at the tall clock.

"I will accompany you. See that you are safely within your room."

As he listened his eyes glowed with a fierce light and, dark cords stood out upon his forehead.

"What are these for?" she asked, as the woman reappeared.

"Just to be handy in case of need."

"Want to see the garret?"

"I'll wait here," replied Mr. Bray. "Rheumatism and attic stairs do not agree."

But Mary eagerly climbed the twisting stairs to the faintly lighted attic, where, in one dim corner, she espied a skeleton-like big spinning wheel, and in another a dangling rope. "This garret isn't large," she remarked.

"Did—did something happen? Is this where the phenomena are?" asked Mary.

"And here," interrupted the guide, "is the vault." Almost from beneath Mary's feet she lifted a trap door. "Step down the ladder and look around."

The bell clanged, the dog howled and the woman disappeared, leaving Mary hesitating on the brink of a black hole from which came a chill and musty draught and a sound of dripping water.

"Now's your chance," said Mr. Bray, cheerfully.

"I thought you were dead!"

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SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906.

AMERICAN POLITICS

It is undoubtedly true that the American people have awakened to the fact that they have not at all times enjoyed popular government. In some cities and some states government of the people by the privileged classes for the privileged classes has been the rule. This has occasionally been true of the republic as a whole, perhaps, but never to the same extent as in New York, Pennsylvania and other municipalities and commonwealths.

The boss has been a power in American politics for years. It would be folly to say that he is not a power still, but he is a less formidable foe of good government than formerly. In not a few instances, he has been glad to take the count and in others, where he has remained in the ring, he has emerged from the contest with public opinion rather badly battered.

American politics today cannot be likened to the politics of twenty or even ten years ago. A change has come over the spirit of the voter's dreams. Where he once saw through a class darkly, he now sees clearly. To adopt the vernacular, he is getting wise to the game. He sees through the tricks which used to fool him and it takes more than band music, red fire and free lunches to arouse his enthusiasm. Even the spellbinder is not so successful a hypnotist as he used to be. When he calls upon his hearers to save the nation, they are very likely to ask him how he would save it, if he had the chance.

It is no longer possible to make people believe that all Republicans are good and all Democrats are bad or vice versa. We may fully believe in the principles of one party and firmly disbelieve in the doctrines laid down by another, but, like the immortal gentleman from Missouri, we have to be shown.

The American people may have been in the habit of taking things for granted but they are not going to do it in the future. They are going to read and reflect and they are reasonably certain to choose right when the time comes. They will no more be led astray by the vagaries of the Socialists than by the honeyed words of the boss.

Just the same, the political battles of the future are bound to be mighty interesting and the people, we may well be certain, will run this great and glorious nation. But's rule may continue to exist for a while to a certain extent, but if the handwriting on the wall is correctly interpreted it will however last much longer.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

On hill and plains the Summer waves
Meridian of the year;
But we can shut the ice man out
When Winter's cold is here.

The sign that a man who will steal a peanut will steal anything was never meant for a Boston policeman to read.

Lieutenant General Miles, who sailed from New York for Europe Thursday, is miles out at sea by this time.

Who will say that W. J. Bryan is not a great man now that 'le Royal' Igness, King Edward, has had him to tow?

The comptroller of the currency has decided that a photograph is forfeiting within the meaning of the law during the season.

We hope, however, that it will never be considered a necessary part of house furnishings.

The completed New Hampshire ocean boulevard will be a great thing, thanks to the cooperation of Massachusetts.

A lot of talk is being made about adding a new stanza to the "Star Spangled Banner." Great Scott! Isn't the song long enough already?

Although it is officially denied that Dreyfus was physically assaulted at the Military Club, it is safe to say that his ears must have burned dreadfully at times.

Adulterated food is the enemy of rich and poor alike, but it is generally the poor man who, trying to save a penny, buys it only to find himself pound foolish in the end.

The Maine druggists want to sell liquor for medicinal uses, presumably to counteract the effects of the prohibition whiskey that has demoralized large sections of the Pine Tree state.

Philadelphia's slaughter houses number thirty less as a result of investigations by the board of health; we wonder just how much the board of health in the Quaker city really knows about slaughter houses?

OUR EXCHANGES

Brotherhood

God, what a world!—if men in street and mart

Feel that same kinship of the human heart

Which makes them, in the face of flame and flood,

Rise to the meaning of true brotherhood.

—Elia Wheeler Wilcox in Everybody's Magazine.

But Soon?

A motto for the horse men: "I had rather do right than race horses." Not adopted yet.—Rochester Record.

The People Want Many Things, But—

The New Hampshire state board of health insists that the "compound" maple syrup made in Massachusetts and sold in New Hampshire is not only vended in violation of the laws of New Hampshire but of Massachusetts as well. This puts it up to the Massachusetts authorities to take action in the matter. When the people buy maple syrup for their girdle cakes they want the real thing and no cheap imitations.—Somersworth Free Press.

Thanks For The Explanation, Brother

Portsmouth must now share with Marblehead the distinction of peace treaties negotiated at President Roosevelt's initiative. The Marblehead, however, is not the Massachusetts port, but the American gunboat which had already added to the honor of its name and on which last Friday representatives of Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras met and effected peace between these Central American states.—Exeter News Letter.

Working His Typewriter Overtime

The political writer of Foster's Democrat is doing his level best to make things lively in the county. Farmington News.

Optimistic In Rochester

It is generally conceded that the only one of the gubernatorial candidates whose chances are seriously affected by Winston Churchill's candidacy is General Gale, who will thereby be deprived of the distinction of being last in the race.—Somersworth Free Press.

Possibly. And yet there are a few who place principles above men or even above success. The cause that Churchill represents is going to triumph some day, either under his or some other's leadership.—Rochester Courier.

And They'd Do It Again

"The Republican platform this year," says Chairman Sherman, "is Roosevelt." The last time that platform was before the people they adopted it well nigh unanimously.—Concord Monitor.

COTE AND UHOLTZ ARE TO MEET AGAIN

Arthur Cote and Rudolph Uholtz have been matched again to meet at Seaside park, Old Orchard, next Friday night. There is no doubt but that a big crowd of local sports will go down to see the fight. The fight will be for a purse of \$100.

Next Wednesday, the first day of August, marks the arrival at and departure from the neighboring beaches of transients. Generally more baggage is handled by the railroads on that day than on any other day during the season.

"It would be difficult to conceive of anything more inherently inconsistent than Dowie's claim of private ownership and his admission of trust obligation for the spiritual welfare of generations unborn. Obviously, Allegretto,

THE DOWIE CASE

It Is Decided Against Elijah Second

PROPHET DOES NOT OWN ZION CITY

He Refuses To Appoint Alexander Granger Receiver

THE JUDGE ORDERS AN ELECTION FOR GENERAL OVERSEER

the theory advanced in his behalf is not sound."

After quoting from Dowie's official publication, Leaves of Healing, to show that for six or seven years Dowie had declared in the church and through the paper that he was a trustee of the estate, 95 per cent, of which, he asserted, belonged to Zion as a whole, the court quotes a codicil to Dowie's will, executed in August, 1905, as follows:

"The remaining nineteen-twentieths of said estate in my name, which I hold, and have held in trust in said church, I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to my said successor in office, to him, or her, and his or her successors in office, to be so administered for said church, and the extension of Zion and the kingdom of God in conformity with the rule and practices of said church."

Of this codicil, the court says:

"There is no escape from the plain meaning of these words; the declaration is unqualified and is a complete recognition of any existing trust obligation. No specious construction could make anything else out of it, and for the jury to enter a degree of private ownership would be to perpetrate a fraud."

As to who should be receiver, the decision quotes the following from Granger's vow:

"I vow in the name of God my Father, and of Jesus Christ His son, and my Savior, and the Holy Ghost, that I recognize John Alexander Dowie, general overseer, in his three fold prophetic office, as a messenger of the covenant the prophet foretold by Moses, and Elijah the Restorer; and I promise to obey all rightful orders issued by him, and that all family ties and obligations and all relations to all human governments shall be held subordinate to this vow. This I make in the presence of God."

The court says of this vow:

"It is not my duty to express my contempt for the man that could exact or take this oath. I will not appoint Alexander Granger."

The court ordered an election to be held on the third Tuesday of September of a general overseer, under the election laws of Illinois, the names of persons to be voted for to be certified to the United States district court within ten days. If no more than one name shall be certified, the court will recognize such person as the legally chosen general overseer of the church. If more than one name is certified, such persons shall have the use of the tabernacle at Zion City, alternately, up to the time of election. During such time the publication known as Leaves of Healing will be suspended.

The court said that he would provide for Dowie, inasmuch as the present value of the estate far exceeded the actual amount of contributions and offerings and make a suitable provision for Dowie for his services as trustee. The amount, the court said, would be determined later.

NAVAL NOTES

"As between Dowie, Voliva and Granger, these instruments were mere waste paper."

The court then traces Dowie's church career, beginning in Australia, down to his work in Zion City, and found that Dowie had for many years been in receipt of a large revenue which he devoted to church and charity purposes; that the amounts received by him aggregated in some years \$250,000; that Dowie had not sought to amass a private fortune, but that he engaged in secular occupation in aid of the propagation of his religious doctrine, or, as Dowie expressed it, "for God and humanity." The court then says:

"It is a well recognized principle of equity that where a person accepts money or property to be used by him for the benefit of some other person or persons, or for the advancement of some lawful enterprise, such money or property constitutes a trust estate."

The inquiry then is, did these offerings come to Dowie for his private use, or did the contributors intend that the funds should be devoted to charitable or religious uses, or for any other purpose than the purely personal benefit of Dowie, the estate is a trust. The fact that such contributions came to him in the form of checks and currency through the mail and express, the contributor omitting to require the execution of a formal declaration of trust, does not tend to divest the transaction of the real character. It is just as if the contributor sitting in a church pew had placed the funds on the collection plate passed to him by a deacon. Surely, in such case, the court would not decree that the person might put the money in his pocket on the alleged score of no agreement to the contrary merely because the contributor had failed to arise in his place, and exact a pledge of trustship from the pulpit.

"It would be difficult to conceive of anything more inherently inconsistent than Dowie's claim of private ownership and his admission of trust obligation for the spiritual welfare of generations unborn. Obviously, Allegretto,

the theory advanced in his behalf is not sound."

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES

Following are the conveyances of real estate of local interest in the county of Rockingham for the week ending July 28, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

Epping—Eugene H. Cox, Malden, to Albert G. Barber, Newton, Mass., land and buildings, \$1; Athanase Belisle, Manchester, to W. O. Belisle, Concord, land, \$1.

Exeter—Elbridge L. Watson, W. Hamptom, Mass., to Jerry Flynn, land and buildings on Court street, \$1; executor of will of Hervey Kent to Hilliard and Kimball, the Island, \$1; executors of will of Annie M. L. Marelles to John F. Cannett, land on Winter street, \$105; George A. Carlisle to Lorenzo Neally, land on Water street, \$1; Patrick Conners to Helen D. Beaton, land and buildings on Main street, \$1; Fred K. Maxwell to Joseph M. Barton, land and buildings on School street, \$1.

Hampton—Augustus Young, Executor, to Florence M. Wehbeck, Lowell, Mass., lot 31 on Roar's Head, \$1. Kingston—John H. Bartlett to John H. Swett, Haverhill, land, \$25, deeded in 1902; guardian of Joseph S. Garland to Mary P. Frost, rights in certain land, \$35.

North Hampton—Caroline E. Warner to Estelle G. Warner, half certain land, \$1.

Portsmouth—Fred C. Horner to John E. Pickering et al., lands on Cutts street and in Blaisdell field, \$1; Daniel A. McIntire to John O'Neil, land and buildings on Lincoln avenue, \$1; Hannah T. Jackson to Fred C. Tucker, land and buildings on New Castle avenue, \$1; Cora E. Harmon to George W. Ham, land and dwelling on Howard street, \$1; William Taylor, Jr., to Charlotte A. Holmes, land on Middle road, \$1; Elton M. Ham to Edna F. McCaffery, land on Peverly Hill road, \$1; Arthur R. Wendell, New York, et al., to Henry M. Tucker, land and buildings on Bow street, \$1; Lorenzo S. Leavitt, Boston, et al., to Albert W. Smith, lots 1523 in Prospect Park tract, \$1; Mary E. Hanscom et al., to Cora E. Young, land on Myrtle avenue, \$1.

Rye—Joseph W. Berry to Mary E. Locke, land and buildings, \$1; Daniel J. Parsons to J. Arthur Brown, land, \$1; Rosette Tietzen to Ernest A. Tucker, land, \$1.

Salem—Howard L. Gordon et al. to John L. and Nettie E. Dusseault, land, \$1; Betsy Littlejohn to Arthur R. Metzner, land \$1; Wilhelmina Dietrich to Joseph C. Dietrich, land and buildings, \$1; Ellen M. Donnelly, Lawrence, to James E. Sall, Methuen, land, \$1; Fred S. Wright to Ned Banton, Franklin, land, \$1.

Stratham—Maria M. Smith to Josephine G. Hurton, Lynn, land and buildings, \$1.

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office.

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office.

SALESMAN at 30 to 50 per cent. \$25 daily easily earned. Oliver Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

COURT STREET CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Morning worship, with preaching by Rev. C. P. Smith at 10.30 a. m., Sunday school at 11.45 a. m., Christian Endeavor at 6.30, subject: "Gardiner and Missions in Latin America"; evening service at 7.30.

The principal event of the present week in this vicinity was the observance on Thursday of the 20th anniversary of the Congregational Church at Greenland.

The navy department has called up Lieutenant E. H. Dunn for explanation of a published statement bearing upon his conduct on the Independence, at Mare Island navy yard during the absence of the commander of the vessel.

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Take Beecham's Pills regularly and you will maintain good health at small cost.

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Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

CHRIST CHURCH

Sunday services and music at Christ Church will be as follows:

Holy Eucharist 10.30 a. m.

Processional, No. 401, Martin Introit, Psalm 23, Gregorian Psalm

Kyrie, Gloria, Tibi, Creed, Woodward Hymn, No. 458, Haydn Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, Woodward Gloria in Excelsis, Plainsong



YORK BEACH WON

Same Old Story On York Field Yesterday

BEACH NINE EVENS UP MATTERS WITH THE MARINES

The second game between York Beach and the Marine team from Portsmouth navy yard resulted in a victory for the best college boys. Hazelton pitched a fine game allowing two hits. Although the beach team did not hit many times, still, as has been characteristic throughout the season, the batting was timely. Good support was accorded both pitchers several good running catches being made.

York scored in the first on McLane's long drive to left field, which enabled him to make the circuit.

In the third Becket walked, was caught trying to steal second, Smith drew a pass, stole and came in on Connolly's three bagger.

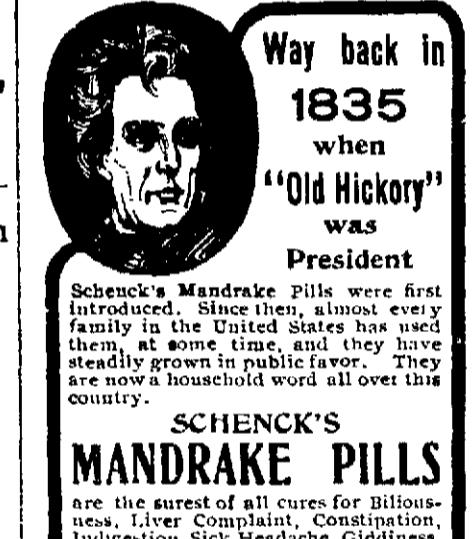
In the fifth Smith singled, stole second, McLane hit safe. Smith drew a throw, being caught at the plate. Hallord to Johnson. Richardson got a life and scored behind McLane, when Trainor dropped Hazelton's long fly.

The features were the pitching of Hazelton, several fine catches by Smith, Able and Trainor, and a fine stop by Hazelton.

The Marines will play at the beach next Friday afternoon.

The score:

YORK BEACH						
	ABR	BH	PO	A	E	
McLane c. lf.....	4	2	2	8	1	2
Connolly 2b.....	4	0	1	1	2	0
Richardson ss....	3	1	0	3	1	0
Hazelton p.....	4	0	0	0	6	0



Schenck's MANDRAKE PILLS are the surest of all cures for Bilious, Liver Complaint, Consumption, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, Jaundice, Malaria, etc. They "Liven the Liver" and bring health and good spirits. Purely Vegetable. Absolutely Harmless. For Sale Everywhere. 25 cents a box, or by mail. DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

AT

WOODWARD'S

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Of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

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— DEALER IN —

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Clapboards, Pickets Etc. Lowest Market Prices.

Call or mail for stock. We are now quoting special prices.

Hampton Beach Casino

Week of July 30th,

— THE —
GLOBE NOVELTY COMPANY

With the following acts: Kitchell & Gorham, The Musical Wonders; Barry and Ella Gray, And Their Jolly Marionettes; Haybach & Harris, Comedy Singing Sketch; Chehalo, The Magic Wonder; Jack Dempsey, In His Original Creation.

Afternoon and Evening.

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Monumental Granite and Marble Business in the neighboring city of Dover, an I later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have set considerable monumental and decorative work among the best. Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have at our other shops, by the same business principles, viz., high quality work at reasonable prices.

FRED C. SMALLEY, Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lester,

NO. 2 WATER STREET.

35 FIRES

Last week with a loss of over \$10,000 each.

Total \$2,751,000.

HARRY M. TUCKER,

Insurance Agent.

Schildmiller	1b	4	0	0	9	0	0
Giebenstein	3b	4	0	9	1	1	0
Adams lf c.....	4	0	1	3	0	0	
Becket rf.....	3	0	0	0	1	1	
Smith cf.....	3	1	2	2	1	0	
Total.....	33	4	6	27	13	3	

U. S. Marine Corps

	ABR	BH	PO	A	E	
Able cf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Trainor lf.....	2	0	0	4	0	1
Sullivan 2b.....	3	0	1	3	1	0
Phillips 1b.....	4	0	0	7	0	0
Hupton ss.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Penney 3b.....	3	0	0	0	4	0
Johnson c.....	3	0	0	9	1	0
Halford rf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Godfrey p.....	3	0	1	2	1	0
Total.....	28	0	2	27	9	2

Innings.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

York Beach.....1 0 1 6 2 0 0 0 0

Earned run—York Beach. Two base hit—Adams. Three base hit—Connolly. Home run—McLane. First base on balls—Hazelton 3, Godfrey 3. Struck out—Hazelton 11, Godfrey 6. Wild pitch—Hazelton. Stolen bases—McLane, Richardson, Smith 3. Sacrifice hit—Trainor. First base on errors—Marines 2. York Beach. Time 1 hour, 30 minutes. Umpire—Bunker. Attendance—350.

AN ACCOMPLISHED MULE.

Amusing Adventure Which Occurred on the Fraser River in British Columbia.

The author of "Very Far West Indeed" has many amusing stories to tell of his adventures on the Fraser river at the time of the gold excitement in British Columbia, now nearly 40 years ago, says the Youth's Companion. He was making his way through the mountains in company with an Irishman when this occurred:

Two or three miles from the ferry we looked about for suitable spot at which to camp for the night; and while thus engaged, Pat Kieran and I, with one of the laden mules, fell behind. Pat was 20 or 30 yards ahead of me, and I was urging on the lagging mule with gentle entreaties. Finding these unavailing, I adopted a more violent expedient, and threw a stone at him. The stone—it was a good-sized one—missed the mule, but hit Pat in the back.

With many exclamations of rage Pat descended from his perch, and proceeded to kick the mule. Hardly able to keep from laughing aloud, I inquired:

"What's the matter, Pat?"
"Mother enough! Here's this ould black baste, not contented wid thryng to upset me ivry minit, has bin and tra'n a rock and hit me square in the middle of me back."

TRAVEL WEST IN LUXURY.

Tourists Have Choice of Many Palatial Trains Run by Many Different Lines.

The wagon trail of the almost forgotten past, over which the weary traveler spent weeks and often months reaching his destined goal, has given way to long railway lines stretching out across the western country like a gigantic web which centers in Chicago, with its ends reaching to the Pacific ocean.

Traversing the wonderful regions which lie between opens to the traveler marvelous visions of beauty and grandeur; magnificent mountain scenery, picturesque valleys, boundless plains and fertile regions rich with verdure. Even the barren deserts fascinate, for their story is strange and weird, and, like an unfinished picture, induce vague imaginings of events past and to come.

Where formerly the trail toward the setting sun was made by the wagons of these venturesome spirits who looked to the west for freedom and opportunity and was necessarily a restricted one, to-day the choice of a number of routes is open to the tourist. Convenience, luxury and ease are equal whichever route is decided upon, making the choice rest on which section of the country it is desirable to cross for the interest or necessity of the tourist.

Carl Schurz Story.

About a year ago the late Carl Schurz was asked: "You have been in the United States senate, at the head of a cabinet department and editor of a great newspaper. Which position was most to your taste?" He answered: "The senate—incomparably." No other man of foreign birth ever showed such fine command of the English language or used it so felicitously. A man who objected strongly to his politics but admired his talents as a writer once said: "I wish Mr. Schurz couldn't write so well; I could hate him better."

He Found Out.

"So you believe in the transmigration of souls, do you?" queried the man with the crimson book.

"I do," answered the solid citizen. "What d' you s'pose I was in a former state?" asked he of the c. b.

"Oh," was the reply, "you were probably a man before you became a tank."—Chicago Daily News.

Very Gentle.

"Such a nice young man took me out to dinner last night—such a well mannered man. D' you know, when the coffee came and 'e'd poured it in its saucer, instead of blowing on it like a common person, 'e fanned it with 'is 'at!"—Funch.

INITIAL MATCHES

Played in The Seacast Golf League

Friday Afternoon

The initial matches in the Seacoast Golf League were played on Friday afternoon.

The first, Portsmouth at York, resulted in a victory for Portsmouth, as follows:

Portsmouth | York

Bradley 1 Fletcher

Bennett 1 Adams

Flanagan 0 Linn

Washburn 0 Tilden

Benedict 1 Townsend

McDonough 1 Gee

Total 4 Total 2

The second, Abenaki (Rye) at Wentworth, was also a victory for the visitors as follows:

Abenaki | Wentworth

Batchelder 1 Lippy

Cundet 1 Peters

Blossom 1 Pilson

Hamill 1 McIntire

Pomroy 1 Becker

Total 5 Total

PROBATE COURT

The following business was transacted at Tuesday's session of probate court held in Exeter.

Wills Proved—Sarah A. Kenney,

Portsmouth, Annie F. Manson, executrix, with John H. Bartlett as her agent; Thaddeus Tarleton, New Castle; Harriet T. Curtis, executrix, with Roger S. Yeaton as her agent; George A. Wentworth, Exeter, in solemn form; Judith Dearborn, Hampton; Francis P. Adams, Woburn, executor; Richard Jones, Portsmouth; Mary Jones, executrix, waiting bond; Elbridge R. Dearborn, Raymond, Augusta A. Dearborn, executrix, waiting bond; Charles H. Bickford, executrix; Trucworthy Hill, Deerfield, Benjamin E. Sanborn, executor; Horace A. Martin, Portsmouth, administrator; Edward E. McIntire, executor; Ida St. Jeans, Derry, Theopile Bourdon, executor; Augustus N. Wells, Portsmouth, Edward H. Adams, administrator, with will annexed.

Foreign Wills Filed—Of Annie N.

Fuller, New York; Joseph H. Pearl, Haverhill, Mass.

Wills Filed—Of William B. Little,

Atkinson; John Shannon, Derry.

Administration Granted—in estates

of Henry P. Robinson, Newfields,

Henry S. Wheeler, Exeter, administrator; Dorothy Rollins, Exeter, administrator; Plummer Thompson, Newfields, administrator; Nellie G. Ham, Portsmouth, Oliver H. Ham, administrator; Albert C. Anderson, Portsmouth; Fred W. Lydston, administrator; George W. Davis, Nottingham; Auriella A. Davis, administrator, waiting bond; Franklin P. Woods, Danville, Wallace Keezer, administrator; Joseph S. Colcord, Candia; Sarah E. Colcord, administrator; Miriam R. Gynn, Seabrook; Alonzo T. Gynn, administrator; Ralph M. Dodge, Hampton Falls, George D. Dodge, administrator.

Accounts Settled—in estates of

John Lowe, Exeter; William Stan-

ton, Salem; Sophia Moulton, Hamp-

**A New Hotel
at the
Old Stand**
\$250,000 has just been
spent
Remodeling, Refurnishing,
and Redecorating the

HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
NEW YORK CITY.

Restaurant and Service **U** excellent
Splendia Location

Most Modern Improvements

All surface cars pass over
transfer to door

Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes
Hotel fronting on three streets

Electric Clocks, Telephones and
Automatic Lighting Devices
in every room

Moderate Rates

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Send for guide of New York. Free

OLIVER W. HAM,
(Successor to Samuel B. Fletcher)

60 Market Street,

Furniture Dealer

AND
Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS 62 and 64
Market street, or at residence
cor. New Vaughan street and
Haynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

7-20-4

Cigar Factory monthly output
is now \$4,000,000, or more
than Ten Millions annually.
Largest sale of any one cigar
in New England.

Quality Counts.

R. G. SULLIVAN,
stamped on every cigar,
Factory, Manchester, N. H.

INTERFERENCE.

"Yes," said my friend, sadly, "you may play poker with a stranger and an uninvited rascal, and may come out all right; you may shoot lions and tigers and the Falls of Niagara, and never suffer in your health; you may play with fire, and take no harm. But never meddle in the least degree with any one else's love affair. For you will come out of it with the reputation of a fool, with foot stamped all over your back and front, and you will deserve it. A helpless, unendurable fool for all time that is what you will be. If you see a pure minded, refined girl on the verge of marrying a coarse, vulgar brute, let her; don't stand in the way. Probably the brute will never forgive you, and it's absolutely certain the girl never will."

"You speak with some warmth and bitterness. You have some personal experience in your mind?"

"I have. As you know, I am not a married man. But at one time I was engaged. It was years and years ago, and I was never one of those men who are well, silly about the girls they are going to marry. But speaking in sober fairness, I must say that Jessica was a really remarkable girl."

"You engaged girls always are just say that you loved Jessica and Jessica loved you?"

"Now that just shows where you are too hasty; for I'm by no means sure that Jessica did love me. I can't help thinking that if she had really loved me, things would have happened differently. Mind, I admit that I was wrong in interfering. It may with Ernest Budd."

"And who was Ernest Budd?"

"I think he was the most dangerous beast I ever met in my life. He was short, thick and ugly enough to stop the clocks. He was also a vain sentimental. He talked about women by the hour. He believed himself a woman killer. To listen to him made you feel sick and tired. I've heard him say that the beauty of women was practically the only thing he lived for. Just in those words and the other man to whom he said it died a week later. Well, at this Budd had come to an understanding with a washed out puss from Wimbleton, called Emily Chater. I saw the girl, and I was sorry for her; I was very happy myself, and I wanted to save her from Budd. Budd and infinite sorrow in her after life. Knowing the rapid, ins-

teasing her revolver from the table she hurried out to where her men were waiting and bidding them follow her as rapidly as possible, she sprang into the saddle and was out in the road before anyone could remonstrate with her. The others mounted quickly and were soon following their mistress, but she was more than a match for them.

Her horse was a thoroughbred, the fastest on the ranch, and Molly thought that by urging him on to a quick run, she might yet be able to reach her husband in time to warn him of his danger. On, on she rode, now and then bending over King's neck to whisper in his ear, and the good steed, seeming to understand, went faster and faster, until those who followed were just able to discern a white speck disappearing in front of them.

But not until the sound of horses' hoofbeats had become indistinct, did Molly realize the danger to which she had subjected herself. In riding so far in advance of the others. She knew that if the highwaymen were at Black Rock first, and they probably would be, they would not let her his wife, pass; but this thought did not cause her to lose courage nor to slacken speed. She turned around once more, and could just see four figures following at some distance, and hoped earnestly that they might not be far off when she should reach Black Rock.

By this time the moon had risen, lighting up the whole plain, and not a half mile off, she could see the huge rock loom up before her. She strained her eyes, and looked beyond, to see if there was a lone rider coming from that direction; but no one was in sight, and she knew then that her husband had not yet reached the spot.

As she came to within 100 yards of the place, a masked man stepped out from behind the rock, and shouted "Halt," at the same time leveling a revolver at her. But she had no thought of halting and raising her own revolver, she fired. The man fell, and she galloped past him, but not before one of the wounded man's companions had fired and hit her with a bullet. She felt faint, and slipping the revolver into its holster, she placed her hand on her side. The pain at once grew warm with blood. She was now so weak that she could no longer manage the reins, so King of his own accord slowed down to a trot. There was no need of hastening now, for her own men had come upon the desperadoes, and after a sharp scuffle, the latter were made prisoners.

Molly had not ridden far, when on looking up she saw a man riding on a white horse, whom she knew to be her husband. She gave a sigh of relief, and tried to call out to him, but the sound was only a moan.

King being no longer guided, stopped suddenly. The jolt caused Molly to reel in her seat, but instead of falling to the ground, she fell into strong pair of arms. A voice was saying things she liked, but could not hear, but she knew that voice only too well. She smiled, as she whispered so low that he could hear, "Just just in time, Will."

"In time? In time for what, dear?" he asked gently, wondering what she could mean.

But there was no answer. He turned her face to the moonlight. The quiet lips smiled still, and the beautiful face was almost as white as the dress she wore.

"Well, it didn't then."

"What was the matter? Did Jessica lose her exquisite tact, her ability for letting people see that she did not require them?"

"No, not that either. She was as good in that respect as ever she was. The trouble was just in a few words—that it was me she chucked, and Ernest Budd whom she married." He paused and added vindictively, "And I'm glad to say that they're both beastly unloving."

"Molly," he cried, "Molly."

But only a coyote barked from a knoll near by. Boston Globe.

JUST IN TIME.

Dressing herself all in white, as was her custom almost every afternoon, Molly White went to sit in the hammock to read and await the return of her husband who had gone to the next town on business. She had been reading some time, when suddenly she heard hoofbeats. Peering through the vines she saw a young scout, one of her husband's friends, come galloping up the road toward the house very much excited. She thought of her husband immediately and suspected that he was in danger. But never meddle in the least degree with any one else's love affair.

For you will come out of it with the reputation of a fool, with foot stamped all over your back and front, and you will deserve it. A helpless, unendurable fool for all time that is what you will be. If you see a pure minded, refined girl on the verge of marrying a coarse, vulgar brute, let her; don't stand in the way. Probably the brute will never forgive you, and it's absolutely certain the girl never will."

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But only a coyote barked from a knoll near by. Boston Globe.

"*Taming a Rat.*"

A trapped rat may easily be tamed by allowing no water but that of feed in a spoon, for the creature soon learns to recognize the hand which supplies this all-important necessary.

"Well, I am glad you succeeded. If I would not like to have your mistress worrying over a flower."

Love Versus the Lily.

A Tangled Family.

By Clare Jayne.

She had wanted a Chinese lily and he had gotten one for her. When he brought the brown-skinned bulb to her she had immediately put it in its native surroundings—that is, water and pebbles. He had loved her, so he had said, but she had doubted him, for it was a well known fact that he was asickle as the wind. To-night he told her again and had asked her to give him an answer.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed, seizing him by the arm.

"It's 'Will,'" he answered, quite breathlessly.

"Is he hurt?" she cried, excitedly. "No, but he's going to be," he answered softly, at the same time glancing around about to see whether or not he was telling this to more than one person.

"I will do anything to prove that I am earnest in what I say."

She was thoughtful for a moment. "No, I don't ask you to do anything; we will leave it to this lily that you have given me. If it blossoms, I will give you my answer."

"Do you mean that if the flower should blast, as they often do, you will not marry me?" It is nothing more than a resurrection of the olden times and I did not think you would resort to such a means to decide for you; I thought you would at least do that for yourself."

"Well, if you prefer that I should say no now, I will."

"I should rather have you say no, if that is what your heart tells you to say, than to have you say yes because the lily lived and blossomed."

"I guess we will trust it to the lily."

"They most always bloom," he finished out.

He did not call again for a week,

When the lily was in blossom, but during that time the lily grew, it continued its growth for three or four weeks more, and all the while she watched it as the virgin watched the holy fires.

A short time after that he called. During their conversation a slight discussion arose, from which there came a little misunderstanding, and he went home with the agreement not to call until she put the lily in full bloom in the window.

Strange to relate, the lily did not wither as you would think it would. In accordance with the part it was to play, but still thrived. But by the end of the week, when he had not made his usual call, the ends of the long green lily leaves were beginning to turn yellow. She stood there looking at it. "Well—I do not care if you do die; you're nothing but a flower, and you needn't think that if you do not blossom it will make any difference in my answer, for I'll have some lilies in blossom to put in that window if they are made of paper."

"How dare they?" said indignant Millie. "I think the legislature ought to pass a law against second marriages. They are wicked, sinful; an outrage on civilization!"

"Of course they are," said Louise. "But don't worry, darling. Remember that you are with me now."

Three months of happiness at Vane Lodge followed. Millie and Louise read their favorite authors together, and worked hideous screens and impudent portières in crews.

And all this time neither she nor Charley wrote a line to Mrs. Beverley.

One day Mr. Vane called his daughter into his study, with a serious face, and when she came out she was drowned in tears and fled straightway to the haven of her friend's room.

"Darling!" cried Millie, "what is the matter? Tell me, I beseech you."

"The worst that could possibly happen!" cried Louise tragically. "Papa is going to marry again."

"He told me so himself," said Louise. "I never stopped to ask him what it was that was to desecrate our happy, happy home. I just clasped my hands and cried, 'Papa!' and ran away, sobbing as if my heart would break. Oh, and I had so hoped that, when I was married, we could stay on here just the same; but, with a stepmother, of course, nothing will ever be the same!"

"You married, Louise!" cried Millie. "Didn't he tell you? But it only happened this morning. Charley has asked me to be his wife."

"But," faltered Millie, "if your stepmother loved you very much indeed—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Louise; "as if a stepmother could love one! Oh, I hate her already! And you, too, my poor wounded gazelle, will be driven from your refuge. If I could only offer you a home—"

"It's so good of you, darling!" whispered Millie. "But I don't really think that it will be necessary, because—"

"You're not engaged to be married, too?" almost shrieked Louise, with a vision of loneliness.

"What, you—Jim Rodney?" she almost gasped.

"Yes, Alice," said Rodney, sadly. "It is I; little though, but that

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

Portsmouth Electric Railway

In Effect Sunday, June 24, 1906

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT
In Effect June 25, 1906

EASTERN DIVISION

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—2.20, 5.16, 6.30, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 10.55, 11.05 a. m., 1.48, 1.58, 2.21, 3.00, 5.00, 6.35, 7.28 p. m., Sunday, 3.20, 5.16, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Portland—7.35, 9.55, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 2.25, 5.22, 8.50, 11.35 p. m., Sunday 8.30, 10.45 p. m., 8.50, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m., Sunday 8.30 a. m.

For Old Orchard—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m., Sunday 8.30 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55, 11.11 a. m., 3.07 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, 7.35, 9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., 2.48, 3.07, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—7.35, 9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., 2.48, 3.07, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 7.35, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.48, 5.22, 8.52 p. m., Sunday 8.30, 9.30, 10.48 a. m., 1.25, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 5.00, 6.35 p. m., Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Greenland—7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00, 6.35 p. m., Sunday 8.00 a. m., 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—5.55, 7.30, 8.50, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 1.49, 3.15, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.40, 10.00 p. m., Sunday, 4.00, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.20, 3.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.35, 6.00, *8.00 p. m., Sunday 1.20, 3.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 5.45, *8.00 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, 1.52, *3.52, *6.21, *8.17 p. m., Sunday *5.18, *6.06, *8.17 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.35, 10.12 a. m., 3.21 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.22, 9.47 a. m., 12.58, 5.31 p. m., Sunday, 7.00 a. m.,

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.34, *8.15, 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 1.11, 5.48 p. m., Sunday, *12.30, 4.12 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.35, 8.36, 10.21 a. m., 1.40, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m., Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 12.45, 1.50, 4.25, 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—7.47, 9.22, 10.06, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.26, 4.59, 6.16, 7.21 p. m., Sunday 6.14, 10.06 a. m., 12.02, 6.75 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—7.52, 9.28, 10.11, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21, 7.28 p. m., Sunday 6.19, 10.12 p. m., 12.00, 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—7.59, 9.25 a. m., 12.01, 2.46, 5.11, 6.27 p. m., Sunday 6.24, 10.18 a. m., 12.15, 8.16 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION
Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following station for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—7.32, 8.20 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m., Sunday, 5.20 p. m.

Greenland Village—x7.40, 8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m., Sunday, 5.29 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—x7.52, 9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m., Sunday 5.42 p. m.

Epping—x8.05, 9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m., Sunday, 6.08 p. m.

Raymond—x8.17, 9.31 a. m., 1.27, returning leave.

Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., **2.50, 3.30 p. m., Sunday, 7.25 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., **3.20 p. m., Sunday, 8.10 a. m., 11.48 a. m., Sunday, 8.00 p. m., **4.08

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 p. m., **4.08, 6.15 p. m., Sunday, 9.07 a. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, **4.21, 5.55 p. m., Sunday, 9.27 a. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, **4.28, 6.08 p. m., Sunday, 9.41 a. m.

Action for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west

xMonday only.

* Saturday only.

* Via Dover and Western Division, North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

John B. Cutler, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

S. GRYZMISH, MANUFACTURER

Has No Equal.

S. GRYZMISH,

MANUFACTURER

10 Cent Cigar

S. GRYZMISH,

MANUFACTURER

S. GRYZMISH,

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

JULY 28.

SUN RISES 4:32 | MOON SETS 11:20 P.M.
MOON SETS 7:09 | MOON RISES 10:00 A.M.
LENGTH OF DAY 14:37 | FULL MOON 10:04 30 P.M.

First Quarter, July 28th, 2h. 56m., evening, E.
Full Moon, August 4th, 2h. 50m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, August 11th, 2h. 45m., evening, E.
New Moon, August 18th, 2h. 28m., evening, W.



SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

At two o'clock this afternoon, THE HERALD'S thermometer registered eighty degrees above zero.

LOCAL DASHES

Pears are in the market. Remember the big motor race this afternoon.

August will be ushered in next Wednesday.

Will the local handtub crews ever get together?

The handtub bunch got busy on Friday evening.

Last year Portsmouth saw the Gladwin tourists.

Henderson's Point is a hoodoo in more than one way.

York Beach has the real thing in the way of a bat team.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Local horsemen have been decided by inactive for some time.

Reckless automobile driving is still noticeable about the city.

The license inspectors have lately been busy in this vicinity.

Ivy Temple conducted a successful whilst party last evening.

There should be some good sport among the tug-of-war teams.

A neutral umpire on Portsmouth Field today would please the crowd.

King's buttered salt peanuts are selling faster this season than ever.

Autumn's fascinating fragrance of new mown hay will soon be with us.

Raspberries and blackberries have finally taken the place of strawberries.

Junk-junk-junk. Lots of interest created lately for the police department.

Good progress has been made in the work of demolishing the steamer Duncan.

The Naval band has been in constant demand at the parks and beaches this season.

To the casual observer it appears that the roving barefoot boy will soon be an extinct species.

The shores of the Piscataqua will be lined with spectators of the big motor race this afternoon.

The largest crowd for many days congregated last night on The Parade to witness the play-out.

You can never reap the full benefit of good advertising unless your store management is up to date.

York Beach and South Berwick are contesting for baseball supremacy on the latter's diamond this afternoon.

TO LET—For the month of August a cottage at Wallis Sands, Apply to H. G. Freeman, Portsmouth.

Portsmouth won the championship of the Seacoast Golf League last year. Can the local team do it again?

The appointment of a master shipfitter at the navy yard is being awaited with interest by the friends of the candidates.

The work of erecting the new coal diggers at the Rockingham County Light and Power Company's plant has begun.

At Hampton Beach on Sunday the regular afternoon and evening performances will be given by the Empire Moving Picture Company.

Today's game at Portsmouth Field will attest by attendance whether or not the half holiday enjoyed by navy yard employees is financially benefiting the game.

Messrs. John and Robert Allen have sold out their Penhallow street restaurant and have gone to Manchester, this state, where they will take charge of a larger and more extensive one.

LOST—A black silk Eton jacket, with white silk lining, somewhere between Portsmouth and Hampton, Hampton and Exeter, Exeter and Portsmouth, Portsmouth and Eliot, or Eliot and Dover. Finder please return to this office and receive reward.

With a large shipment of genuine Nancemond Co., Va., peanuts, and a new roasting process, King is able to supply all his patrons with a peanut such as has not been on the market in this city before. Ask for special prices in party quantities.

ICE TRAIN WRECKED

Broke Apart At Butler's Siding, Near Kittery

Eastern Division Tracks Blocked For Hours

An extra freight, with a string of loaded ice cars, was wrecked at Butler's siding just east of Kittery Junction, Friday night.

The train broke apart and then came together, smashing seven cars, two of which were totally demolished.

The wreck blocked traffic on the main line between here and Portland until about four o'clock this (Saturday) morning. Freight east and west were held on both sides of the wreck, while the Bar Harbor train from this city was sent to North Berwick by way of Dover and the Western division.

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The damaged cars will be sent to the repair shops by special train.

SAME OLD TROUBLE

Caused by Limbs and Wires for the Pierce Vets

The old vets took the handtub Franklin Pierce out on Market square Friday night and played a few times down Pleasant street. They report a stream of 191 feet, with forty men on the brakes.

The boys had the same hard luck as on the day they played against the True W. Priest.

The regulation number of feet of hose, which they are obliged to play through, brings the stream up against a large limb of a tree in front of the Exchange building. Several wires have been located on the street since the last playout and these also caused considerable trouble.

The crew will probably give up the idea of playing on the square and go back to the reservoir on Hanover street.

Several members of the True W. Priest crew watched the work of the Pierce boys and say they did a good job, considering the limbs and wires.

IMPROVEMENTS PLANNED

In Odd Fellows' Hall—Carpet Bid Awarded

At a meeting of the Odd Fellows' hall committee held on Friday evening the bids for a new carpet for the lodge room were opened by the chairman of the committee, Charles H. Kehoe.

D. H. McIntosh was awarded the contract for the carpet for \$497.50. It is to be a body Brussels, made laid and lined and will be put down this summer.

Other improvements are contemplated, which will make Odd Fellows' Hall one of the best lodge rooms in the state.

While the repairs are being made the lodge meetings will be held in the banquet room.

AT THE FARRAGUT

Fort Constitution Baseball Team Will Play This Afternoon

The Fort Constitution baseball team will play the Farragut House team at Rye Beach this (Saturday) afternoon. The fort team will be made up as follows:

Cawell, pitcher; Witlock, catcher; Robinson, first base; Yorke, second base; Blackwell, third base; Jones, shortstop; "Red" Fitzgerald, left field; Ray, center field; Stelzer, right field; Snow and Caboy, substitutes.

Corporal Yorke is manager and Corporal Blackwell captain.

NEW ARTICLES

Will Be Signed This Year by Men of Lifesaving Service

Members of the lifesaving service this year will sign articles requiring them to cooperate with the naval patrol and naval coast signalmen in case of war. They will also act with the naval patrol in time of peace when the patrol is mobilized for drills.

This, it is thought, means that the military and naval pension and retiring act will henceforth apply to the lifesavers.

REBEKAH PICNIC

The annual picnic of Union Rebekah Lodge, No. 3, will be held on Thursday, August 2, at Rand's Grove, Jenness Beach.

GOING AWAY TIME!

It's Vacation Time—and incidentally—KODAK TIME. It's daylight all the way with a KODAK—no dark-room bugbear for you to face. Load, unload, develop and print—all in daylight.

THE NEW KODAKS ARE HERE

All Sizes! All Models!

\$5.00 to \$35.00

Brownies \$1.00 to \$9.00

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street.

THE KODAK STORE

ACCIDENTS ON THE COURSE

Automobiles Responsible for Injuries to Dover and Conway Men

Reports from Dover are to the effect that the automobiles of the Bay State Association passed through that city on Friday at a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. Eben Hayes, the driver of a team on Central avenue, was unable to control his horse, frightened by the speeding machines, and was thrown from his carriage and injured. City Marshal McKone had intended to station an officer at Dover Point bridge, but Mayor Pinkham persuaded him not to do so.

At Conway, a man was run over by one of the cars and nearly killed.

PERSONALS

Frank Leslie has been visiting in Dover.

James Russell of Dover was in this city on Friday.

Sheriff Marcus M. Collis was in Newmarket on Friday.

Capt. and Mrs. J. M. Mills of Boston are at The Rockingham.

Mrs. Thomas McCarthy of Union street is passing the day in Boston.

Mrs. John Kingsbury is passing a few days with relatives in Newmarket.

Capt. and Mrs. J. Louis Harris are passing a month at The Farragut, Rye Beach.

Mrs. F. M. Langley of Wellington, Mass., is visiting Mrs. F. W. Hartford at Wallis Sands.

Miss Katherine Hollister of Greenfield, Mass., is the guest of Miss May Stillaber in this city.

Mrs. Willard Howe of Claremont is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Lombard.

Acting Manager Frazier of Hotel Wentworth has returned from a business trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Berry have been at Cutler's Sea View House, Hampton Beach.

Former County Treasurer W. H. C. Follansbee of Exeter was a visitor in this city on Friday.

Mrs. Nellie Fletcher of this city has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sarah Shorey, in East Rochester.

George Schools of South Framingham, Mass., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. D. J. Carroll of Daniel street.

Attorney Guy E. Corey has returned from a trip to Denver, Colo., and other points in the Rocky Mountain state.

Henry Gerrish leaves this city on Monday for Old Orchard, Me., where he has accepted a position at the Beacon Studio for the summer.

Mrs. Darwin C. Pavey of 20 Henry avenue, Somerville, Mass., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Richard D. Smart, at 28 South street.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Frost, who have been living on a farm in Eliot for about a year, will soon return to their former home in Berwick.

Capt. and Mrs. Silas H. Harding and son, Rev. H. Harding, left today (Saturday) for Chatham, Mass., where the will pass two weeks on the cape.

Laurel E. Varrell, blacksmith's helper, John Barry, fireman, and Frank Cousins, machinist, have concluded their duties at the coal wharf of James Roughan.

Joseph Rowbotham has returned from a visit to Nahant, Mass., where he has been the guest of Former Alderman E. B. Newman, who, with his son Harry, is conducting a fine restaurant there.

The well known Sturgis family of Chicago is at the Ocean Wave House, Rye North Beach, having been led by the glowing descriptions of the beauties of this section by Theatrical Manager Gustav Frohman to pass the remainder of the season at the Rye resort.

YORK BEACH PLAYERS GO TO STONEHAM

Connolly and Schildmiller of the York Beach baseball team went to Stoneham, Mass., today (Saturday) to play with the strong team of that town. They will return to York Beach in time for the game of Tuesday.

ZOLNAR'S SPECIAL OFFER

Prof. Zolnar, the famous psychic, offers special inducements to all who wish to consult him on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week. He is still doing a large business at the old stand, 22 Pleasant street. See him while you can. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LARGE CROWD EXPECTED AT THE SHOALS

Manager Ramsdell expects to entertain a large crowd at the Isles of Shoals hotels on Sunday. Many people are planning to pass the day at the Islands.



Men who love comfort always wear Serge Suits. They're the dressiest Summer Suits and the coolest.

Our Serves are the sort that hold color and shape. Beware of the flimsy, fadeable materials falsely called Serge.

Any Serge bought here is guaranteed for perfect satisfaction in every respect.

Serge Suits \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.50, \$20.00.

Local distributor for the Celebrated Oswego Blue Serge (True Blue) the best \$15 Suit made.

F. W. LYDSTON & CO., CLOTHIERS.

AT FAY'S BIG STORE

YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.

Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50

Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices

Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.

A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.

The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.

We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Every thing in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

W. H. FAY,

3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

A. O. Caswell, Bottler,

12 1-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection

IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:

Eldredge's Pilsener Lager, Half Stock Ale, Cream Ale.

Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing Stout, India Pale Ale.

Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)

Ales, Lager and Porter by the $\frac{1}{4}$ keg. Wines and Liquors. Soda Siphons and Tanks.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN FAMILY TRADE.